Dup.

VOICES *of* PEACE

FEBRUARY, 1931

RALEIGH, N. C.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

https://archive.org/details/voicesofpeacefeb42peac

VOICES *of* PEACE

A Literary Magazine Published Quarterly by
the Students of Peace Institute

Volume IV February, 1931 Number 2

FEBRUARY, 1931

Subscription $1.50 a Year Single Copies 40 Cents

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Raleigh, N. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL:		PAGE
Charity?		45
To A Friend	Caroline Ward, '32	47
On Being Slow	Lucy Cobb, '31	48
Moon Child	Laura White, '31	50
Old English Inns	Mary Harvey Love, '32	51
Darkness	Jean Farabee, '31	56
And Still They Dream	Mary Dwight Turner, '31	57
It Is Always Thus	Louise Newland, '32	60
Binks Meets Santa Claus	Suzanne Melick, '32	64
Sunset Lingers	Caroline Ward, '32	69
Forget-me-nots	Nancy Link, '32	70
SKETCHES:		
At Mr. Horton's Studio	Suzanne Melick, '32	75
Sailors in Port	Louise Newland, '32	75
The College Sheik	Jean Cromartie, '32	76
What Price Etiquette!	Irma Banander, '32	77
Book Review, *Stars Tonight*	Elizabeth Mauldin, '31	78
News Notes		79
Directory		80

VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME IV FEBRUARY, 1931 NUMBER 2

STAFF

LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31, *Editor-in-Chief*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ELIZABETH MAULDIN, '31 DOROTHY T. SMITH, '31
ALICE MCKINNON, '31 LAURA WHITE, '31

NANCY LINK, '32, *Business Manager*
MARY BORDEN WALLACE, '32, *Assistant Business Manager*
MISS MARY POTEAT, *Faculty Advisor*

TYPISTS

RACHEL WRIGHT, '31 MARY BELLE FORREST, '31
MARY REA WILSON, '31 MARIAN STINSON, '31

EDITORIAL

CHARITY?

Is it just charity for advertisers to give an ad to a school publication? To be specific, is it charity to advertise in *The Lotus* and *Voices of Peace?* We say in answer to that question, "No," but with our answer we put a qualifying statement: "if Peace girls will coöperate."

The administration backs up the advertisers: the bulletin board is open to them; printed matter may be distributed to the girls through the postoffice; in short, the stamp of official approval rests on those who advertise with us.

The value of advertising, however, is not determined by the

administration. It is determined solely by the response of students and faculty.

The advertisers are certainly helping us, but it is not as a deed of charity that we ask them to give us an ad. It is a business transaction. We feel that advertising with us is a worthwhile thing for them. In order to make that advertisement a worthwhile thing from the advertiser's standpoint there must be returns from the advertisement. It is in responding to ads that students may make the advertisements worthwhile. When there are two equally satisfactory beauty shops to choose between, why not choose the one that advertises with us? When an article may be purchased at either of two stores, why not make that purchase at the store that helps us?

Study the ads; know Who's Who among the Advertisers; and give our friends the benefit of your support.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The editorial staff of *Voices of Peace* regrets to announce that "After the Blindness," a poem appearing in the October, 1930, issue of *Voices of Peace,* was not the work of the person to whom it was attributed.

TO A FRIEND

Far better than the wild delight
Of lovers' kisses, or the sight
Of flaming beauty, or the rush
Of laughter, or the throbbing hush
That follows lovely music—far
Beyond breath-taking things, the star
Of quiet friendship in your eyes.
Full many a sun shall set and rise
Of love, of hate, of hot desire,
The passions and their scorching fire,
And still, the clasp of gentle hands,
The quiet faith that understands.

Caroline Ward, '32.

ON BEING SLOW

Surely no one on earth can realize better than I how it feels to be always behind. Ever since I can remember I have been the last one to finish a thing, whether it happened to be a meal, a race, or a composition. I believe I hear the words "Hurry up" as often as I hear my own name, but that is one of the most difficult commands I have ever tried to obey.

My clearest recollections of the first few years of school are of those people who aroused my envy by being so quick to do their work. Some could write the whole answer to a long example in arithmetic while I figured out what the first one or two digits would be. Always I am the last to stop writing on examination, and in writing themes usually the others are waiting for the bell by the time I have thought of a subject and got started.

All my efforts, calm or excited, cannot make thoughts creep into my mind one bit faster. Four years ago a friend of mine made a remark which I thought ridiculously irrelevant to the conversation. Finally, after four years of turning over in my mind the question as to why she said it or what she meant, the reason and the meaning of the thing, as simple as could be, suddenly dawned on me the other day, while I was trying to remember a mathematical product before anyone else could say it.

I have known people who changed their minds so much that one could never depend on their decisions. Generally people know better than to ask me before the last minute what I am going to do about a thing, for I never make a decision until too late to change it; but then I am slow to regret it.

I believe that walking is about the only thing I do rapidly. This has to be so because I am in a constant hurry, since I am

always behind time to start with. Well do I remember a little fifth grade classmate of mine who in the games at recess could out-run us all and used to laugh with all his might at me. How I envied him! But often now, when on my way from one place to another, I doubt seriously that he could keep up with me long.

I wonder despondently sometimes if I shall ever acquire speed in other things as I have in this; but even when I feel that that is hopeless, I have ample consolation; for slowness, like nearly everything else, certainly has its advantages. For one thing, it saves me from having to do as much as I might have to do if I were faster. When I am doing something for my sister, for instance, sooner or later, according to her hurry, she will be sure to say, "Here, let me finish; you are too slow."

Besides saving me work, this slowness of mine keeps me out of the disagreeable plight of having nothing to do; for being always behind, I must be always hurrying to catch up. And I am inclined to believe that even perpetual hurry is better than almost perpetual boredom or restlessness.

Selfish though it may seem, I think it must be more pleasant to be waited for than to have to wait for somebody else all the time. I should hate to have to sit at the table and see somebody else still enjoying the meal after I had finished, or to sit in the classroom while slower ones than I worked, and have time to think how much better I might have made my paper.

I have often thought about how much I could find to do if I were quick so that I would have time for it. If I have drawn the correct conclusion from all my observation, those "slow pokes" that flying time seems always to get ahead of are far more satisfied than those people who can sit and sigh, "How slow time goes!"

Lucy Cobb, '31.

MOON CHILD

But then on winter evenings
When we turn out the lights, throw ourselves down
Before the glowing fire,
Always the shaft of moonlight through the window
Steals over you, drowns you
In its mad, liquescent light.
Your laughing eyes turn dumb and gray,
Your body listless, still,
And I know
The part of you that I can never touch
Has run away
Up the path of moonlight,
Out into the wild, mad night.
In the half light I gaze at you,
Fascinated by your fixed, blank stare;
I edge away from you in horror,
Afraid, afraid to touch you,
Lest your lips be icy lines beneath my kiss,
And your body limp and cold.

LAURA WHITE, '31.

OLD ENGLISH INNS

If there is one thing more outstanding than the others in the social life of old England, it is perhaps the English inn, in connection with which the coffee house and the tavern are thought of. Inns have been a part of English life from the fourteenth century to the present time. They have not only featured in the social life of England, but they have also played a part in her literary history. Shakespeare, Dickens, Chaucer, Keats, Addison and Steele, to name a few, all make use of this typical and picturesque bit of English life in their writings.

Although some of the inns were individual to a great degree, all of them had many characteristics in common. Cleanliness, comfort, good food and drink, blazing fires in winter, liberty, and jollity were characteristics of every inn which made any pretensions to doing good business. Every flourishing inn had several servants—housemaids, hostlers (or ostlers), pages, and a servant called Boots. It was the duty of this servant to clean and polish the boots of all the guests and to wake them at the desired hour. The servants were usually very efficient. Dickens tells us that within ten minutes after the arrival, a good inn looked as if the traveller had been expected.

The inn host and hostess also might be called servants of guests, for they waited upon them, entertained them, and further, took an interest in them which was more than the ordinary servant took.

The center of fellowship at the inn, especially the country inn, was the kitchen. This was always a large, spacious room with highly polished copper and tin vessels hung on the walls. Hams and sides of bacon were suspended from the ceiling. Beside the fire were high-back oak settles where the elect

might sit, and along one entire side of the room was a well-scoured table at which the other guests sat.

Lord Macaulay, in writing of seventeenth century inns, gives a delightful picture of an inn which not only, by its very charm, invites the traveller to stop, but also persuades him to linger. In this inn the brick floors were swept clean, the sheets smelled of lavendar, and ballads were fastened on the walls. The menu varied from the usual inn menu in that fresh trout could be taken from a near-by brook, and this, adding a cup of ale beside a blazing fire, had a very small price.

After having seen a little of the inside life of the English inn, it is only fitting that one should turn to some of the well-deserved praise given it. Perhaps Dr. Johnson's praise as recorded by Boswell most clearly expresses what the inn meant to the Englishman: "There is no private house (said he) in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. Let there be ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it can not be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him: and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servant will attend you with alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

There have been many famous inns in England, some of which are still in existence. A few of them were the Saracen's Head at Towcester, the Peacock Inn at Islington, the Tabard in Southwark, the Maypole, the Cat and Whistle, the Bell, the Half-Moon, and the Rutland Arms at Newmarket. The Bell was located in Warwick Lane and its master at one time was the brother of George Whitefield, the famous preacher. The owners of the Half-Moon were a family of Wagstaffs, and the inn was much frequented by gallants during the reign of Elizabeth. It is said that Henry VIII broke the head of a Wagstaff with his famous walking cane.

As has probably already been observed, some of the inns mentioned above have been made famous in literature; namely, the Saracen's Head, the Maypole, and the Tabard. Dickens tells of the Saracen's Head in *Nicholas Nickleby* and of the Maypole in *Barnaby Rudge*. Chaucer has immortalized the Tabard in his *Canterbury Tales*.

The Saracen's Head was located on Snow Hill in London, and its sign, as is to be expected from the name, was the head of a Saracen. A Saracen's head rested on each gatepost, guarding the entrance to the court, and another Saracen's head guarded the door of the inn. On the doors of all the coaches belonging to the inn were small Saracen's heads. Altogether the general appearance was certainly such that the name of the inn could not be mistaken.

The Maypole was an old building with large zig-zag chimneys and innumerable gables. It was built of bricks once red, now yellow, and was heavily ornamented with grotesque carvings. The floors were sunken and uneven, the ceiling, supported by great wooden beams, was blackened by time, and the windows were diamond-pane lattices. Many an old legend centered about

the Maypole and Dickens makes it the center of much of the plot of *Barnaby Rudge.*

The pilgrims of Canterbury Tales stopped at the Tabard Inn on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and it was the host of the inn who provided a way of entertainment for them on their journey. The Tabard was later renamed The Talbot Inn.

Equally as important as the inn in English social life has been the coffee house. It was a center of news, a lounge for idlers, and a meeting-place for friends. No wager could be made above five shillings; discussion of religion was prohibited; swearing and quarreling were subject to fine; dice and card-playing were not allowed while one was under the roof of a coffee house.

The first coffee house was kept by a Jew named Jacobs in Oxford about 1650. After that time many coffee houses appeared, but the zenith of their popularity was during the reign of Queen Anne.

John Ashton gives a rather complete list of outstanding coffee houses during Anne's reign and later, a few of which will be mentioned here. Anderton's, in Fleet Street, was the gathering-place of freemasons and literary men; Baton's, in Cornhill, was the haunt of physicians. Addison's chief resort was Button's in Covent Garden. Child's was frequented by the learned—doctors, clergymen, and members of the Royal Society. St. James's was frequented by the Whigs; Ozinda's, by the Tories.

Time and again in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler,* Addison and Steele mention various coffee houses in London. The Grecian, because of its learned frequenters, was used by Steele in the *Tatler* as the title under which all accounts of learning should appear. Similarly, Will's was used as the title under which all accounts of poetry should appear.

Closely linked with the inn and the coffee house in English life was the tavern. It was much more free-and-easy than the coffee house, and its management was hardly considered a reputable occupation. But oddly enough, it was not considered at all bad for a nobleman or a gentleman to go to a tavern for a carouse.

Some of the taverns were the Bear, the Boar's Head, the Pope's Head, the Cock, and the Mermaid. Shakespeare, in *Henry V,* portrays a scene at the Boar's Head Tavern.

The Mermaid, haunt of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other Elizabethan dramatists, has been immortalized in Keats' *The Mermaid Tavern,* which shows how great a place the centres of fellowship held in the hearts of the English:

"Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dressed as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

"I have heard that on a day
Mine host's signboard flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story—

Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old sign,
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the zodiac.

"Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

MARY HARVEY LOVE, '32.

DARKNESS

Ah, ghastly gloom
That swallows up our souls,
Engulfs our senses till we see
No love, no beauty,
But only hate and strife.
Black gloom
That weighs our chests
With fiendish woes expressed,
Not only by our tongues,
But are felt and are born in the night—
The hideous offsprings of Darkness.
Ah, God! save us from this gloom.

JEAN FARABEE, '31.

AND STILL THEY DREAM

One more dilapidated, unlit studio at dusk, one more vain pursuer of happiness nearing life's end, one more—ah! no, she was no more. Thus ran Jan Svergsen's thoughts as he lay stretched out in his big shadowy armchair before the window, staring unseeingly towards the west, his fingers clutching a crumpled mass of paper.

He was totally unaware of the opening of the door and the hesitant approach of a child, of the whereabouts of eight, until agitated breathing broke upon his revery. He turned dream-filled eyes upon the intruder, not seeming to take in her thinness, the sad condition of her too-short, too-worn dress, or the questioning in her soft eyes.

She stopped, shivered, conscious of something gone wrong. This was not her Jan Svergsen of the gay eyes and the bright, teasing smile.

She made a movement as if to go, but a big friendly hand shot out, took hers, and pulled her forward. "What is it, my dear?" The hearty voice was a mere shadow of itself.

"I only wanted a story," she faltered.

"Then you shall have one," he assured her as he pulled her up into his lap. "That's right; put your head back."

His voice trailed off into nothingness. The child remained quiet. He was fond of her—this luckless offspring of an artist father, who spoke to his wife only when necessary, and a gad-about mother, who was ever threatening to leave home and husband, but never did. Still, they both adored the child Daphne—the father for the traits of the mother she revealed; and the mother, for the traits of the father. Curious pair, these two, Jan would often muse.

Thus, time and again, torn with love and sympathy for the

two—especially when they quarrelled, Daphne would steal away to find solace with old Jan Svergsen.

This time, Jan was more than glad that she had come. Usually, he tried to make her forget herself; but somehow, today, he wanted to meet her mood, not change it. So, he roused himself and began, his voice seeming, even to himself, to be coming from far away.

"Once upon a time, when it seems, almost, as if the world must have been just awakened, an artist fell in love. Gracious, his lady was, as a goddess, and proud as a queen. She lived in a fairy palace as a queen. She lived in a fairy palace; the artist, in a studio. Nevertheless, their love flamed so bright that it seemed, surely, that it would burn all barriers.

"Now, the artist was also in love with art; and she with luxury, though she did not realize it. Oh, yes, she would go and live in a garret in the Latin quarter—if she had to.

"The artist decided that she did not have to, and packed up his dreams and left.

"Within a few months came a letter begging him to let her come live in his garret and wash his pots and pans. But his pride was still hurt; and he did not answer.

"A year went by; no word. Aroused to desperation by his dreams, he wrote impulsively; and just as impulsively wished that he had not. Still no word.

"The artist continued to exist, working hard and playing hard, giving himself no chance to dream further of what might have been. He had friends? He supposed so—mere travellers flying with time.

"Years afterward, word did come—she had written a letter to be sent at her death—a dream letter. Then he, too, dreamed again—not altogether of her, though. Now he had a dream-child, fairy-like and fair; sensitive, too, meeting his every

mood—and that was why he was glad that was only a dream child."

The voice ceased. Soft arms stole around Jan's neck; choked sobs shook the child; warm tears fell upon his hand. He hugged her tightly to him, fiercely glad for her sympathy.

But this would not do. He began to feel a bit uneasy, a bit remorseful.

"Come, child, I can't be telling you any more stories if this is what they are going to do to you—a great big girl like you!"

Slowly, under his light words, she stiffened. He fished out his handkerchief and offered it, silently.

"How about some hot chocolate and toasted muffins?" he burst out.

Reproachfully, she looked at him—how could he! But in spite of herself she returned his smile. Then she sniffed and proceeded to help set the table.

But halfway through the meal, he looked up and saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "Beast!" he cursed himself inwardly. Then, fast and furious rose his determined banter; and suddenly, she giggled. He, too, laughed—almost hysterically.

They finished eating. He led her back to the armchair and took her into his lap, this time not talking, but peacefully smoking his pipe.

The clock struck nine. Someone knocked on the door. At Jan's quiet "Come in," a pale young man entered, gathered the sleeping child into his thin young arms, grinned a sheepish goodnight to Jan and departed.

Sighing, Jan turned from the door. He bent over, picked up a crumpled sheet of paper, and carefully smoothed it out. He moved closer to the window, and gazing heavenward, whispered huskily, "Welcome, both of you."

Mary Dwight Turner, '31.

IT IS ALWAYS THUS

I stood watching, interestedly, the laughing crowds, gay colors, the black moths of Spanish ladies flitting about, the cheerful bustle of Filipino dock hands in their cool organdy shirts, and all the other things that spell the departure of an ocean liner. Then, the warning toot came, the last farewells were said, and the stewards, with weary faces, hustled the clinging left-behinds off. The last and most violently protesting to be ejected, was a sallow, lank-haired man—and drunk, drunk as a lord. Our newest additions ceased their sniveling, we older travelers forgot our look of blasé experience, and with one accord leaned over the rail to watch him. He stood swaying uncertainly in the brilliant sunlight, calling maledictions on the phlegmatic captain's head, demanding that the gangplank be lowered and he be allowed to retrieve his hat left aboard. Then, encouraged by the cheers and laughter of the crowd, he shook his fist at us and began, methodically and carefully, to curse in picturesque and lurid language the ship and all that pertained to it.

"Some vocabulary," a man remarked admiringly.

It was, really, a masterpiece of profanity and ingenuity of expression. His final shriek rose, triumphant, over the ship's derisive whistle, "May I live to plant poison ivy on each of your graves."

I turned to my left-hand neighbor in our rubbernecking, and asked, "Who is he, and why such excitement over the loss of a hat?"

"Ah, Senorita, he has indeed a sad story, and one not uncommon for these parts. Then too," he added delicately, "he is—er—inebriated."

"Obviously," I replied, "but what of the story, and why sad; he looks as though he were enjoying himself."

"Enjoying himself?" My neighbor asked in pained surprise. "But no, Senorita, we do not enjoy ourselves by drinking in public, but in sipping wine in our homes, yes."

"But what of the sad story?" I asked hastily, foreseeing, by the fanatic light in his eye, a lengthy discussion on the pleasure of private wine sipping.

"Ah, to be sure, a most distressing story," he murmured, gazing pensively at the disappearing trees of Manila.

"Yes?" I hinted gently.

"You understand first, Senorita, that one does not discredit native magic, one does not understand it—yes; but one knows its potency?"

"Yes, to be sure." I replied, a bit hesitatingly.

"Ah then, we proceed. He came here first, as a young man working for a lumber company, and, being lonesome, shortly took a native girl to live with him. This climate works strangely upon a man. It seems that in your country, men are happy by themselves." He hesitated, then shrugged doubtfully. "But here, it is not so. Something about the speaking nights and days of quivering heat makes it impossible. One would go mad. So he is not to be blamed. But then, he erred in having a Senorita in America promised to him. If one will live with native girls, one must cut other connections. It is the same old story, repeated again and again; doubtlessly, you have heard of such relationships, Senorita? The man regards the girl as a plaything; but with her it is different. We do not love, like skimmed milk, as do you Teutons," he sniffed disdainfully, "we have the grand passion, ability to love, sing and dance gloriously for one brief hour, and taking all, to leave and forget. But you are different. Your women expect too much of their men: virtue, faithfulness, and soberness. It is too much.

"And so this man, what does he do, but, after three years, send for his American love, and tell this native one that he will give her money, much money, and she may go. Pouf! can love be bought with money? Then she turned on him—this hitherto meek and adoring, brown thing. She screamed and writhed in her anguished rage, tore her hair and beat her breast, implored him not to cast her off—just let her stay near him, anything, only not send her away. At first he argued patiently, then grew angry and ordering her to begone immediately, strode wrathfully into his study. See him, Senorita, in this room of his, attempting to do his accounts and drive out of his mind the sobbing and occasional cry in the other room. See him, striding up and down, now rumpling his hair, now stopping up his ears. Then, suddenly, the sobbing ceases—a weird wailing, instead, comes whining to his startled ears—until, the hair prickles on his scalp and he dashes open the door, and roars at her to stop her caterwauling and beat it. She sits in the corner; her fallen hair covering the upper part of her body and slithering to and fro as she rocks and wails. At his shout, she sways to her feet and, throwing back her hair, fixes her smouldering eyes on him and intones this threat: "See you well, Senor, the white-faced milksop will come, for a time you will be happy; then evil days shall fall on you, your brain shall be on fire, and you will become a demon and shall be cast off, even as I am. Then I shall only sit and laugh." Saying this, she vanishes.

"He laughs a bit uncertainly, but forgets in preparing for his wife. But, one by one, his servants leave him. He asks them why they are leaving: did he not pay them enough, did he ever beat them? They hastened to reassure him of his justice. Then why? One and all mumbled excuses about grandmother's dying or relatives ill.

"He came to me in perplexity about it. 'Sounds like baseball season in America,' he grunted, 'but why are they leaving?'

"I told him as best I might, that the servants knew of the girl's curse and could never be persuaded to stay.

"At first, he was irritated at me, then broke into a grin, 'A curse, that's good, sounds like old days of witches and ghosts. A curse!' and went out chuckling. I shook my head after him and sighed. As you shall see, I was right.

"His fiancée came; they were married and he prospered and grew happier and happier. His wife did not know of the native girl and soon he, too, almost forgot her and her threat. Then, slowly, he became morose, and day by day, more so. He took to drinking and walking at night, starting at shadows and speaking less and less. Until one day, he sprang upon his wife and choked her. The foreigners said it was drink. But I and the natives knew better, and shook our heads and said, hadn't we warned him? It always happens thus, Senorita.

"Now, he has served his term of imprisonment and drinks and drinks, drowning his sorrow. He, too, will die soon and the curse will be fulfilled. See you well, Senorita, magic is not to be laughed at. It is always thus."

Then he patted my shoulder benignly, said, "Let us go; the luncheon gong has sounded."

I shook myself and followed him.

Louise Newland, '32.

BINKS MEETS SANTA CLAUS

Randolph Thurston Fitzjames Bradley, III (Binks, for short) awoke in his crib with a start. He wondered sleepily where he was and satisfying himself that he was in his own familiar nursery, he wondered why he was awake. This proved too much for a half asleep brain of five years and its owner prepared to turn over and snuggle down under his woolly blankets again, when a soft scraping sound arrested him. It came from the library directly below the nursery. Binks wondered if it could be Empress Josephine, the dog, but he remembered seeing her shut up in her kennel for the night.

Suddenly Binks began to untangle himself from the interwoven blankets and struggled into his soft, warm bathrobe and bunny rabbit slippers. He had an idea! He knew what that queer noise was! It was Santa Claus! For hadn't he been told that he must go to bed like a good boy so that Saint Nicholas would bring him a train, an aviator suit, and a pistol? And hadn't he hung his little stocking in the library before the fireplace so it could be filled brimful with surprises? Yes, without a doubt that was Santa Claus downstairs and wouldn't it be fun to sneak up on him and surprise him and then talk to him! And maybe he would let Binks pat the reindeer's noses. This last conjecture was too thrilling to imagine without action to accompany it.

Binks stole softly out into the hall. He passed Mother's room without a sound. Then Dad's just as quietly, and after passing Sister's he finally gained the head of the stairs. By the time he reached the library door, he was wide awake. He pushed the door open slowly and stuck his tousled yellow head in.

Sure enough, there was Santa Claus standing just before the dying fire with his pack slumped at his feet. He remained per-

fectly motionless and to Binks' amazement and joy he held in his hand a pistol; just the thing the little boy had wanted more than anything else.

As Binks approached on tiptoe, his eyes shining with excitement, he was about to decide that Santa wasn't real after all, for he was as still as a statue. However, a fragment of log blazed fitfully on the hearth and cast its restless shadows upon the little lad so fearlessly and innocently approaching the ugly muzzle of the Colt automatic. This seemed to bring the man out of his stupor for he lowered the gun with a trembling hand and a sigh of relief. But he was still on his guard against this strange apparition which now approached him with extended hand. Hardly knowing what he did, the man solemnly shook hands with Binks who said softly in his best "company manner," "How do you do, Santa Claus. I'm Binks. I heard you coming down the chimney and I wanted to see you so badly that I just sneaked down here ever so softly so I wouldn't wake up my family. You won't go away now without leaving me anything, will you?"

The man looked up with a start. "Why, of course, I'll leave you something," he said with peculiar emphasis on the last word.

Binks' alert eyes had quickly perceived some flaws in Santa. "Where's your red suit and why did you shave off your whiskers?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"Well, you see, it's this way," said "Santa Claus," leaning against the mantlepiece with a little more ease. "My red suit has to be washed every year and before this Mrs. Claus has always had it ready for me. But this year she was so busy giving all the dolls permanent waves that she completely forgot my suit."

"Oh," sighed Binks sympathetically.

"But," Mr. Claus resumed, "I reminded her of it in time and she washed it and hung it out on the line. And guess what those naughty reindeer of mine did. They ate my suit up! Yes sir, fur and all!"

Binks, however, had lost interest in the tragedy of the suit. He was at the window peering out into the clear winter night. The moon's brilliance, which made every object stand out clearly, failed to reveal any reindeer and bell-trimmed sleigh.

He turned back almost reproachfully. "Where are your reindeer?" he wanted to know.

"Oh—ah,—well,—uh," stammered the man, "my red suit disagreed with them and they couldn't make the trip. I had to come in my plane. It's out at the airport now."

The airplane idea was so thrilling that Binks forgot all about the reindeer. He was satisfied except for one point.

"What happened to your long, white beard?" he asked.

"Santa Claus was apparently better satisfied too, for he sat in an easy chair before what was left of the fire and now motioned Binks to his side.

"It was this way," said Mr. Claus after a moment. "While my mechanics were tuning up my plane, I went too close to the propeller and the first thing I knew I felt a yank at my chin. When I put my hand up to my face over half my lovely beard was gone and there was nothing left to do but to shave off the few whiskers that were left."

Binks was now completely won over to his visitor and he clambered up in the man's lap without awaiting an invitation. It was an unusual sight to say the least. In the big library which, despite the combined efforts of a full moon and a dying fire, was only dimly lighted, sat the man with furtive tears in his eyes and a little boy on his lap. He had thought he'd forgotten how to do such a weak and feminine thing as to cry, but

this child was so much like the one he had lost two years before that he was touched.

The two conversed on many subjects and Binks received satisfactory answers to all his questions about Santa Claus, what he did in the summer and if he liked oatmeal. Both started as the clock boomed twice. The man put Binks down and stood hesitantly looking out of the window. Then as if he'd made up his mind he finally persuaded Binks to go to bed. Despite the fact that he had been determined to see "Santa Claus" go up the chimney, Binks reluctantly wended his sleepy way back upstairs and in a few moments was fast asleep.

Next morning Binks' first act was to patter downstairs and see if Santa Claus had really left him anything. After assuring himself of this, he raced upstairs again to tell his family about his wonderful experience. They listened smilingly and then made remarks about "Binks' imagination" which he couldn't understand.

The morning paper caused such excitement that the family forgot all about "Binks' dream" as they called it. A whole column on the front page was devoted to an account of how every other house in the block surrounding the Bradley home had been robbed the previous night. The thief was evidently a clever one for he had entered every home except one (according to the paper) and had taken articles varying in value. Prominent mention was made of the fact that the Bradley home was unmolested. This, the Bradleys considered, was as mysterious as it was lucky.

After a few days of excited discussion of the "baby crime-wave," the small city settled down into the usual after Christmas stupor.

Binks continued to give glowing accounts of his encounter with Santa Claus and his stupid family continued to believe it

was all a dream. After many arguments they finally almost convinced him that there had been no such incident; for after all, it did seem too miraculous to be true.

However, there was one person who had positive proof that Binks' story was not a dream. It was the man who had bet a pal he could rob every house in a block in one night without being caught and he had lost his bet. He never explained to his pal why he had failed and the pal often puzzled over this.

The man himself wondered too. He wondered why he had been so soft that Christmas Eve night. And he had ample time for wondering and any other mental pastime, too. For soon after this job he was caught for a not so successful one of former days. Then for five subsequent years he was the involuntary guest of the government in its stone mansion at Ossining, New York.

As for Binks, he seemed, outwardly, convinced that his delightful experience was only a dream; but in his heart he was always sure that he had seen and talked to the good Christmas Saint.

SUZANNE MELICK, '32.

SUNSET LINGERS

Seething crimson in its core,
Foaming up to gorgeous rose.
Streaks of pink, like streamers flying—
Haughty Sol, in glory dying,
Scarlet life-blood forth doth pour.

Pool of colours slowly fading—
From its heart's receding glow,
See the dainty, pastel rivers—
Trickling, softly spreading rivers
On the changing canvas flow.

Colour of the humble wildrose,
Orchid proud, anemone,
Violet hiding in the grasses—
Lily—chalice cloudlet passes—
All these things, and more, I see.

Gray mist now—the candle flickers;
Wind is rising from the plains.
Swiftly fade the hues of heaven,
Swiftly comes the leaden even,
Blots away their faint remains.

Weary footsteps stumble onward;
Dark the way and deep the night.
Joy awakened lifts a chorus;
We, inspired, see yet before us
Beauty, for our souls, a light.

Caroline Ward, '32.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

A crash of thunder, a zigzag flash of lightning, torrents of rain, and here I was practically lost in a strange town. In dismay, I looked around; not far away I spied a wee little cottage. As the sky was fast growing darker and darker, I started toward it on the run. Somewhat hesitantly, I knocked on the door. Immediately it opened and there stood the daintiest, prettiest, little lady—all silver and blue. Looking beyond her, all I could see was flowers—flowers of every hue. Probably she saw my bewilderment for she said, "Do come in—that's a terrible storm and you are all wet." Such a voice! Never in all the twenty-two years of my life had I heard such softly modulated, bell-like tones.

"Thank you, if you are sure that I won't be any bother, I would like to wait until the worst of this is over."

My words were hardly finished when I found myself inside, surrounded by flowers—roses, dahlias, chrysanthemums, pansies, jonquils, poppies, and many others I could not name, were in that small room. "Come, my posies will spare you for a little while and you must get dry." So saying she led me through a living room into a spick and span little bedroom. When my clothes were spread to dry and I was wrapped up to my hostess' satisfaction, she said, "Excuse me a minute; I hear Peter calling. He has been out trying to cover my pansies. They don't like a storm, and the lightning makes them hide their heads, poor dears! Yes, Peter, I'm coming—Peter is my husband," she ended with a proud, triumphant little laugh, and tripped out of the room.

Who was this lady, dressed in soft clinging blue, her wavy, silver hair piled high on her head? She seemed so perfect, so beautiful, and yet so human! Evidently, she and Peter ran a florist's shop. I wondered if Peter was as delightful as she. Gales of laughter came to my ears. And in a minute, back came my silver and blue lady, her eyes fairly sparkling with delight.

"In all this rain, Peter was hunting for a watering can! I guess he wanted to sprinkle the flowers!" and off she went into another merry tinkle of laughter.

"Your clothes are dry, but the storm is as severe as ever; suppose you stay to supper with us. We love to have company and it has been so long since we had a young person as our guest. Do stay. I'll let you help me in the kitchen and we shall have tea and muffins and anything else you want."

Feeling a little lonely, I was completely won over by this persuasive invitation. Hurriedly I dressed, and joined my hostess in the kitchen. She was not alone. An elderly man, tall, but slightly bent, was standing in front of the stove. He had a white moustache and pointed beard. He looked at me with piercing black eyes as his wife said, "Peter, this is Miss Alice Montgomery; Miss Montgomery, Mr. Rondaire."

"Well, well, so you were caught in the storm; that was your misfortune, but our good luck. Louise, it has been a long time since we have had such a pretty visitor, hasn't it?" This and many other things that were done and said made me forget my shyness, and with all three of us working, supper was soon ready. Such a pleasant meal! The mellow glow of candles softened the shadows and cast a fitful light on that strange, lovely old pair. "We would rather use candles than electric lights, for it reminds us of the old country," explained Peter and he smiled a questioning smile at his blue and silver treasure.

who smiled back at him in a reassuring manner. What friends! What comrades they were! Each seemed to depend on the other for everything.

"The rain hasn't stopped and I don't think that it will. You will spend the night with us, won't you? Peter, we haven't had so much fun in a long time, have we?"

There was no reason why I couldn't stay. There was no one to worry about me, and I longed to learn more about this quaint couple, so I accepted their kind offer.

"Fine, Louise, will give us some music, now. I know that you will love to hear Louise sing and play; she is irresistible," said Peter as he led the way into the living room.

An evening never to be forgotten! Music, lovely music! Louise singing old love songs in a foreign tongue which I could not understand, but which Peter understood only too well. They seemed to forget that I was present; Peter leaned over the worn old mahogany piano and watched Louise's face as she sang. What matter if her voice was a little cracked with age, it was still lovely and it could still tell 'her Peter' that she loved him. She stopped singing and swung into a lively tune; he picked up an old violin and played. When they had finished there were tears in his eyes as he said, "Oh, the old country was so fair in those days!"

"Come, Peter, that's enough," gently chided Louise as she rose from the piano. "Oh, let's have a fire in the grate. It looks so cozy even if it isn't winter."

Peter lighted the fire and we sat in a semi-circle watching the flames leap upward. "Won't you tell me about the old country?" I asked.

"You tell her, Peter. I would like for her to know; somehow she seems like that daughter we never had."

Peter began in a low voice, his eyes intent on the flames. "It was years ago, in Austria, the old country. I was first violinist for the orchestra which played at the court celebrations. There, I saw Louise, for she was of the nobility. I was only an outsider of low birth, but I loved her. I prayed for some way of meeting her; one night, she came to the orchestra's balcony and asked us to play a certain number. It was the one she sang last tonight; that is our song. I told her that we would be charmed to play for such a beautiful one. She smiled at me, and I at her, and she knew that I loved her. We managed to see each other often after that, and she married me, although it meant that we were ostracized. We came to America where no one knew us. We opened up this little florist's shop and we have lived here for years and years, never hearing from our loved ones in the old country. But we have been happy. Oh, it was worth it. We had no children, but we had our flowers; we still have our flowers. These have been precious years . . . Louise, are you sorry that you married me?"

"Oh, Peter! no and a thousand times no. It has been wonderful!"

They lapsed into silence, and I looked around this shabby old room full of romance. Each was silent with his dreams.

In the morning, I awoke with a ray of sunlight on my face. Looking out of my window I saw a garden, and in that garden there was a tiny lady dressed in blue—sky blue—her silver hair gleamed in the sunlight; she was bending over a bed of flowers. Suddenly she straightened, and blew a kiss to an old man who came down the garden walk with a rake in his hand.

I knew that I had to be out there with them. In a jiffy I was dressed and out there. The sun felt warm and the garden was refreshed and glistening after the storm of the previous

evening. "Good-morning, my dear," both of them said. "See, aren't our little children pretty this morning?"

"Come, let me show you my roses," said Peter in a voice which showed that he was proud of them, and when I came back Louise wanted to show me her pansies.

"You know, they are my favorites; at any rate, I always want to have some. My mother always wore them, and, well . . . you know," and she smiled bravely as she brushed away a tear. "And aren't my forget-me-nots sweet? Here take one and don't forget that you are coming back and that I am going to show some old dresses and things in my trunks."

I hated to say good-bye and hated to leave, but after going all over the garden again, and telling each one good-bye many times, I started off, with a beautiful picture of a silver and blue old lady and a picturesque man pottering around in a flower garden—and I held tightly in my hand a forget-me-not.

NANCY LINK, '32.

SKETCHES

At Mr. Horton's Studio

The door of Mr. Horton's studio opens protestingly at the confident touch of a Peace Junior. She walks into the room with the air of one who realizes her own importance to the world at large. In the tin box-like dressing room, she gingerly removes her "garbo-cut" hat, disclosing the "board-like" ripples of a finger wave. After many pats to the hair, powderings of the nose and arrangements of the dress, she leans forward and smiles her most gracious smile into the bespeckled mirror. Satisfied, finally, with the reflection in the glass, she minces out to take her seat in the straight-backed little chair by the window, which overlooks dingy office-buildings with their grimy, grinning windows. Mr. Horton suddenly appears and after ducking under the black hooded box numerous times, he asks her to look "right in the camera, please." She remembers the lovely smile in the dressing room mirror and now spreads it lightly over her face. Mr. Horton waits just long enough to allow it to cool, and then presses the little bulb.

With the same air of having accomplished something worth while, the Peace Junior departs, confident (as ever!) that her picture in the annual this year, for once, will do her justice.

Suzanne Melick, '32.

Sailors in Port

An open fire glows in the pulsing tropical night. It etches wrinkles on the faces of an old brown couple, as they cook strange mixtures over it, and gleams against the eyes of caged monkeys.

"Sailors in port," said the old man, "think they'll come?"

"Ja, see they come now," muttered the woman.

And as the sailors stride into the fire ring with bulky bundles under their arms, the faces of the couple assume an even more inscrutable look.

"What have you, and what want you?" shrills the toothlessly grinning woman.

"See, a very good raincoat, a strong pair of pants, for these you will give us many monkeys, yes?"

"Nein, nicht gut, old and much worn, no good," derisively answers the man.

And so the bickering rasps back and forth, the tones of the old people becoming more greedy and cunning, until the sailors gleefully whistle off, leaving behind two raincoats and three pair of pants. But a monkey perches, piteously chattering, on one of the shoulders.

The old man leers at his wife and breaks into a shrill cackle.

"Good, good, nicht wahr?"

LOUISE NEWLAND, '32.

THE COLLEGE SHEIK

On the street corner, posed in a very unassuming attitude, and dressed in the most approved collegiate manner stands the college sheik. The expression on his face suggests a charitable deed as he smiles at the college girls who pass by, adorned in slickers and galoshes, carrying umbrellas. He remains on the corner for a few minutes longer, and then continues his journey up the street. He shrugs his shoulders as if to say that he is satisfied. He has given the college girls a thrill for the day.

JEAN CROMARTIE, '32.

What Price Etiquette!

For weeks Mrs. Williamson and I had put off paying a call which we knew we should do according to Etiquette. Finally we discussed the matter thoroughly and set a day to do the thing which we were not at all anxious to do.

As we were on our way to Mrs. Bellamy's home we discussed topics for conversation which would last the few minutes we would be there, and finally ended by hoping between ourselves that our friend would not be at home.

As we drove up before the house and stopped we saw a surprised looking face peering at us from behind a curtain at a window on the second floor. Before we were out of the car the person had disappeared. Anyone who is able to read expressions could have known that our hostess was not very happy to see us honor her by our presence; nevertheless we approached the door as though we had seen nothing that had taken place.

We were not at all surprised to hear a woman's voice say, "Emma, tell those ladies I am not here, oh, tell them anything. I am not dressed or anything." How well we could sympathize with her, we too had been in such a predicament and had done the very same thing.

We rang the bell though, and when the maid opened the door we asked in our most pleasant tone if her mistress were there. "I'm sorry," was the reply of the servant; "Mrs. Bellamy is not at home."

"Then we shall leave our cards. We are terribly sorry she is not here; we would like to see her very much."

We got into our car feeling quite relieved to think how successful the afternoon call had been. Nor were we hurt by our friend's actions. We decided she was a perfect hostess and thought how nice it would be if there were more women like her.

Irma Bonander, '32.

BOOK REVIEWS

Stars Tonight
Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls
By Sara Teasdale. 50 pp. New York.
The Macmillan Company. 1930.

In *Stars Tonight* one finds a charming group of short poems, each of which shines alone with all the radiance of a single star in a midsummer night sky. Many of the little verses are only eight or ten lines in length yet through each Sara Teasdale gives the reader a complete thought in her own quaint language. This group of poems is compiled especially for boys and girls and is illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop in a manner that is particularly attractive to them. Each verse has its own little illustration or black and white sketch which gives in a poetical way the whole thought of the poem. One even realizes the action through the picture. In these verses one sees the profound influence of nature on Miss Teasdale's thoughts. She touches nature in nature's every mood. She pictures for us the sea-wind as it brings a smell of salty water, a sound of its roaring waves and call of the mysterious sea. Again she shows us a cloud which wanders "tireless and changeful, swift and free" over land and sea, hiding the face of the sun and the moon and rustling through the tree tops and over swamps and marshes, on, on, on—

She shows us the chipmunk and squirrel, birds and flowers, the sea and the sky, scenes we see every day and scenes we never see. She tells us of the silver moon casting its pale light on snow white peacocks which are reflected in the crystal waters from the marble fountain. For anyone who enjoys Sara Teasdale's poetry this new collection is a delightful discovery, and, although it is compiled for children, it is charmingly written and illustrated and would be enjoyed by any lover of good poetry.

ELIZABETH MAULDIN, '31.

NEWS NOTES

November 7-8. Quarterly examinations were held with the usual excitement that accompanies the first exams of the year.

November 27. Thanksgiving Day observed by the Peace girls.

December 6. The P. S. C. A. held its annual Oriental Bazaar in the Sun-parlor of the East Building. The proceeds from this event went into the general fund for worthy causes.

December 18. The annual Christmas Concert was held at 7:30 p.m. in the school Chapel.

December 19-January 2. Christmas holidays.

January 6. The senior class gave an attractive calendar party to which the student body was invited. The calendar idea was carried out in decorations, stunts, games, and costumes.

January 21. The student body and faculty entertained in honor of Mrs. E. L. McKee of Sylva, and Mrs. B. Frank Mebane, former Peace students now members of the Legislature, in the form of a lovely tea—receiving in the school parlors from 4:30-6:00.

January 26-31. Mid-term examinations held.

February 6. The annual stunt night held—Preps, Seniors, Juniors, and Junior Commercial students participating.

February 10-14. Dr. C. H. Nabors of High Point held our annual week of religious services. These services were of great benefit to both students and faculty.

PEACE DIRECTORY

President of Student Association.....ALICE MCKINNON
Secretary of Student Association.....MARY ADAMS OLIVER
Treasurer of Student Association.....ELIZABETH MAULDIN

SENIOR CLASS

President.....MARY MEADE DAMERON

P. S. C. A.

President.....MARIAN COPPEDGE

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President.....LENA MAYS

PI THETA MU

President.....JEAN FARABEE

SIGMA PHI KAPPA

President.....MATTIE DAMERON

"LOTUS" STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....AGNES COVINGTON
Business Manager.....MARY ADAMS OLIVER

DAY STUDENT COUNCIL

President.....MARY CROW

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

Bakeries

Staudt's Bakery

Beauty Salons

Oddity Beauty Shop
Raleigh Beauty Shop

Building Materials

Oldham & Worth

Cleaners and Dyers

Hilker Brothers
Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Co.

Clothing Stores

Boylan-Pearce
Efird's
Ellisberg's
Hudson-Belk's
Lucielle Shop
Mangel's
Taylor's

Colleges

Converse College
Duke Summer School
Mary Baldwin College
Meredith College
Queens-Chicora College

Creameries

Pine State Creamery

Drug Stores

Boon-Isley
Brantley's
Eckerd's
Person Street Pharmacy

Electrical Appliances

Thompson Electrical Co.

Florists

J. J. Fallon Co.
Steinmetz's

Fruit Stores

California Fruit Store

Furniture Stores

Goodwin-Smith Furniture Co.

Hardware Stores

T. H. Briggs & Sons

Hotels

Carolina
Sir Walter

Ice and Coal Companies

Capital Ice & Coal Co.

Insurance

Jane W. Dinwiddie
Frank M. Harper
Moore & Johnson

Jewelers

Neiman's
L. G. Balfour

Millinery

Horton's Hat Shop

Photographer

Horton's Studio

Printer

Bynum Printing Co

Shoe Stores

Cinderella Slipper Shop
G. R. Kinney Co.
Roscoe-Griffin
Rosenthal's

Sunday Schools

Presbyterian Sunday School

Theatres

Capitol Theatre
Palace Theatre
State Theatre

Transportation

Carolina Coach Co.
Strop Taxi Co.

Wholesale Dealers

Alderman & Co.
Blue Star Stores
Garland C. Norris
George Marsh Co.
Holeman Produce Co.
Swift & Co.
W. H. King Drug Co.